

or his friend in public life, I was far from desirous of conducting myself towards them in a hostile spirit when we met in serener situations than the hustings or the House of Commons. . . . In the tone of courtesy I then used I should have ever spoken of Mr. O'Connell, had not he, from the intentional misrepresentations of some busy fools in London, thought proper to make his notorious attack upon me in Dublin.¹

The following note, written in the early sixties, though, it anticipates, may be given here as an epilogue.

Croker, Peel, and O'Connell sent me, I may say, messages of peace before they died — literally O'Connell. He was so delighted with my smashing of Peel, and so glad, perhaps, that he had escaped what I once threatened and he now found I could do, that he sent me a message that it had always been heavy on his heart that there should have been a misunderstanding between us, and that he had long known that he had been misinformed and misled in the matter. I sent him a very courteous reply; but avoided any personal communication. He always made me a very reverential bow afterwards.

*To Dawson Turner.*²

May 29, 1835.

All this vulgar electioneering bustle is not worth a few calm hours in your magnificent library among those collections of which you have good cause to be proud; but we are the creatures of circumstances, and as far as Destiny and tobacco are concerned I am a decided Orientalist.³

¹ Letter to the electors of Taunton, June 13, 1835.

² Botanist and Antiquary. His library and collection of manuscripts were famous.

³ From a letter in Mr. Alfred Morrison's collection.